MONGOLIAN TARTARS.

Rev. Father Gundy's Recital of Ten Years' Labor with Them.

A strangely-attired Belgian priest arrived on a recent steamer from China. He is Rev. Father A. Gundy, president of the Roman Catholic missions in Mongolia, where he has been arduously laboring for ten years past. He is a man of about forty years of age, with a full flowing beard and a rich silken gown of an oriental design. Other marks of dress betoken him a resident of a land most remote from ours. A reporter sought an interview with him. Said he:

"My life work has been with the Tartars who inhabit Mongolia, and the scenes of my work have been close by the great wall of China. The commercial emporium of Mongolia is Kalgan, a town of 40,000 inhabitants. It is here that the Russians come to buy chamois skins and tea, which the Chinese residents of Mongolia raise in immense quantities. The Mongolians themselves despise tilling the ground, and as the land belongs to the different tribes, their chiefs have been selling it off to the Chinese.

"The Mongolians are descendants of the old Tartars, and raise tens of thousands of cattle and horses. Beyond this they do nothing except hunt. They are a wild, ungovernable race, living in tents. They are magnificent horsemen, something like your wild Indians. Their religion is Tartaric Buddhism. One of their sacred temples is at Kunbun. In Thibet the great temple of U Lassa is constructed after the manner of an Indian Buddhist temple. Only one or two Europeans have ever been admitted within its sacred precincts. They think the mere admission of a foreigner within its portals would forever defile it.

"The Russians who tried to invade this country three years ago have relinquished their efforts. They got two consulates established on the Mongolian coast, and they have had to give way. They now have open ports as far as Peking, but no further. All the talk you hear of invasions from the Russians now goes for nothing. Mongolia is under the domain of China.

"The country is largely a desert, although with water it is exceedingly productive. There are very rich mines of copper and silver as well as magnificent beds of coal. Mongolia is colder than China, and consequently the inhabitants, although dressing somewhat like the Chinese, put on more clothes. They are unlike the Chinese entirely otherwise, being more aggressive and warlike. They are not a tractable race by any means.

"Hunting the chamois is great sport with the Mongolians. They are skilled horsemen and dead shots with their weapons, a variety of which they use. They are also skillful with the dart.

"In the ten years that I have been there we have succeeded in converting about twenty-five thousand of these wild Tartars. Though wild they are open to civilizing and humanizing influences; but there are so many of them, and their country is so large, that it takes a long while to make much effect upon them as a mass."

The reverend gentleman is accompanied by a wealthy resident of Brussels, Viscount de Benghem, who has been making a tour of certain parts of Mongolia and studying up the habits of the natives.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

TRIBES OF TONQUIN.

They Live in Bamboo Huts and Are Careless and Apathetic.

The huts of the principal tribes are constructed of wood and built upon piles. The walls are of braided bamboo, made in such a manner that, even when the windows and doors are closed, there is little difficulty in reading and writing within, the poor braiding allowing the entrance of light. The roof is also made of bamboo covered with palm-leaves. Not a single nail or pin is used in the construction of these houses. When a new one has been completed the head of the family makes grand preparations to properly celebrate the event, according to his means. Oxen are killed, wine is drunk, pipes smoked, and there is general rejoicing on the part of the family and its guests. Intoxication, however, is rarely met with on these occasions.

The interior of the hut corresponds in simplicity with its exterior. In order to gain admission it is necessary to first climb the ladder suspended from the door; before entering the feet are bathed in a long bamboo tube filled with water, as shoes are but little worn. As there is no outlet for the smoke arising from the fire-place excepting through the roof and the crevices at the sides the room is constantly filled with it. Three large stones serve as a tripod. Shelves containing rice, salt and other articles of food are ranged about the room. Knives, hatchets and the indispensable bamboo tube containing fresh water are conveniently placed. On what may be considered the ground floor fowls, pigs and other domestic animals make their home.

Rice is the principal food, and they obtain a very delicate flavor by steaming it through a bamboo tube. Smoking is indulged in to a considerable extent.

These people are, generally speaking, somewhat careless, apathetic and without fear for the morrow. Hence, they live in a sort of hand-to-mouth fashion, confining themselves to the cultivation of the narrow strips of land at the foot of the mountains. The fields are very small, and water is frequently brought to them by means of canals. The men work the fields with a light plow, but often dispense even with that, and use a harrow, the teeth of which are made of bamboo. Ordinarily there are two harvests, excepting in certain districts, where the winters are too severe.

The men rise at daybreak at all seasons of the year, smoke their pipes, lounge about the house for a time, then work in the fields until about ten or eleven o'clock, when they return for breakfast. A short sleep is then indulged in. The afternoon is spent in roaming about the mountains, fishing, hunting or gathering bamboo. The evening is passed at home. At about eight o'clock the only other meal of the day is partaken of. Their dress resembles that of the Anamites.

The women here, like those of most other wild tribes, are the real laborers. They pound and gather in the rice, bring firewood from the mountains, spin cotton, make cloth, prepare the meals, and, in a word, do almost all that is to be done.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

EXCESSIVE COLD.

Suggestions Concerning the Thawing Out of Persons Exposed to It.

Many persons have the idea that life is endangered only, if the patient be brought too suddenly from the cold into a warm place. They believe that, if one proceed very carefully and slowly with the warming, the cold can never produce a lasting injury to the system. There is certainly no doubt that sudden warming is very dangerous, and that a great deal depends upon the right treatment of the frozen limb. Experience shows that, while some people have frozen joints treated in such a manner that they are completely restored, others are less fortunate, and suffer frequently in after-years. But one must admit that intense cold alone, without being followed by sudden warming, which proves so disastrous, suffices to cause severe suffering. In this respect, a great deal depends on the nature of the person. If very sudden transitions from heat to cold and from cold to heat be avoided, a healthy person can withstand intense cold without serious consequences, especially if he be mentally active, energetic and muscular, and has a sound heart—that is, if his pulse be regular and strong. A robust person can withstand the temperature at which alcohol and mercury freeze. Members of North-Pole expeditions have experienced temperatures of fifty or more degrees below zero without suffering harm.

However, it happens not unfrequently that even moderately cold weather, when the thermometer is but a few degrees below the freezing-point, causes serious ills, and sometimes even fatal results. This is apt to happen to persons who are anæmic, poorly fed, effeminate or mentally depressed. Old men, children, anæmic girls, drunkards, and people with a weak heart, are all liable to be frost-bitten, and easily freeze to death if they succumb to sleep while exposed to intense cold. They fall into a sort of stupor, sit down to rest, soon fall asleep, and in most instances never awake. For a long time they remain in a condition bordering on death; they breathe a little, and the heart makes feeble attempts to maintain the circulation of the blood.—*Dr. Von Nussbaum, in Popular Science Monthly.*

SECOND CROP CLOVER.

An Excellent Pasture for Cows, But More Especially Hogs.

The amount of growth the clover will make after the first cutting depends almost entirely upon the season. If the weather turns dry but a very small growth will be made, while with showers sufficient to keep up the necessary supply of moisture, a very strong, rapid growth will be made.

Clover makes good pasture for milch cows and especially for hogs. Very many follow the plan of making hay out of the first crop and then turning in the stock and using for a pasture the balance of the season. Whether this is the best plan or not depends upon circumstances, the supply of feed in the pastures and the amount or kind of feed that we have to help them if out, being the most important item.

Clover hay, if cut at the right time and properly cured, makes a hay of the very best quality, and on this account is very valuable to store away for use during the winter. Generally it is a much easier matter to secure a good variety of food for the stock during the summer than in the winter, and on this account it is often desirable to save all the clover for hay to feed out during the cold weather. If you have a patch of sowed corn or sorghum growing, it would certainly be preferable to feed this out and cut and save the second crop of clover for winter feeding. Under ordinary conditions, at least one good load of hay per acre can be secured. We do not expect as large yields for the second crop as the first. If preferred, we can allow the plants to mature seed, and in this way secure a supply we know to be reliable.

The seed usually sells at a good price and the expense of buying seed can, to a considerable extent, be saved. Even when the plants are allowed to mature seed and are threshed, the straw can be used for feed or for bedding the stock to a good advantage. In either case it will be found better in a great many cases to allow the clover to grow and make a crop of hay rather than use for pasture.

Clover hay either for milch cows, sheep or hogs, during the winter, makes an admirable feed, and unless you have over an average supply, it will be better to save for winter feeding rather than use green, especially when other feed, that will answer fully as well, can be used at this time.—*Cor. Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—There is now living within a mile of this town, in the pine woods, says the Kentville (N. S.) *Sentinel*, an aged colored man by the name of Elisha Laurence, who was on board the Chesapeake at the time of her encounter with the Shannon, during the American war of 1812. This individual was yet but an infant, whose parents were cooks on board the ship, and, of course, remembers nothing of the fight. He, nevertheless, seems to think that he is entitled to some honor on account of his presence on that memorable occasion.

—The law requiring the placing of ropes and fire escapes in hotels is being generally complied with by the hotels of York State. The expense of fitting up an ordinary hotel, according to the requirements, is $500.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—During the recent eclipse of the sun the Russian Nihilists scattered their pamphlets all over Russia.

—The fashionable Swiss hotels now have American bars, presided over by handsome Swiss girls in native dress. This is said to account for the withdrawal of English patronage.

—Frenchwomen have of late begun to manifest an extraordinary taste for rare books, curious editions, and beautiful old bindings. Hitherto the typical Parisienne read less than the women of any other civilized nation, and the only wonder is they are so well informed as they are in most matters.

—A French journal prints the number of works of art exhibited at the saloons since 1872. Of a total of 2,069 that year, 1,500 were pictures proper. The total to date is 74,408, including 54,146 pictures proper. The other 20,000 were not pictures improper, as might be supposed, but sculptures and medals.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The English co-operatives have a bank whose transactions amount to $80,000,000 a year. They have 1,400 stores and do a business of $150,000,000 a year. Their 900,000 members receive an annual profit of $15,000,000. Their profits during the past twenty-four years have been $150,000,000.—*Public Opinion.*

—The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has vetoed a bill providing for the lighting of the Royal museums of Berlin by electricity for the reason that the public has ample facilities for visiting the reading-rooms in daytime. Only the Museum of Art Industry, which already possesses the necessary appliances, will be lighted by electricity and be accessible to the public in the evening hours.

—The Japanese Prof. Nishigava is at present studying the German art of beer brewing at its source in Munich, where he spent as much time as eight days in one brewery. He was sent thither by the Japanese Government, which is desirous of checking the growing consumption of brandy, and contemplates the introduction of German and English beer free of duty, while putting a high tax on stronger alcoholic liquors.

—A French newspaper reports that in Subiaco, near Rome, all the inhabitants are under the influence of epilepsy or hypnotism. The curate spends his time in exercising the evil spirits, and Cardinal Blanchi has sent the Pope's special benediction—all without avail. A troop of soldiers who were sent to the village have shown symptoms of giving way to the disease, and there is supposed to be something in the air affecting the nerves.

—Next to gold, statistics show that kawri gum is the most valuable product of mining industry in New Zealand. This gum, which is largely used in the manufacture of fine varnishes, occurs in the ground formerly occupied by kawri forests, and is also found as a deposit at the foot of the growing kawri tree. In the North Island about six thousand tons are obtained annually, and the value of the aggregate yield up to the present time has been $17,500,000.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Comformably to the laws of advance and retreat of glaciers, it is said those in the valley of Chamounix, Switzerland, are now beginning to advance. The lower extremity of the Glacier des Bossons is "not more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea," and is going still lower. During the past three years this lower extremity "has advanced at the rate of fifty yards a year." It is said that "a grotto cut out of the ice in May, 1846, a quarter of a mile from the extremity, has moved down more than sixty yards."

—The gold which is now being dug out of the ancient cemeteries (huacas) at Hilandia, Central America, and other places near Pereira, has led more than one thousand workmen to flock to that spot, and a town has sprung up there within the last four years which now contains more than fifty thousand inhabitants. Public attention is being turned to those regions, as the ancient burial places and deposits of the wealthy Cacique Caracal have not yet been discovered, and it is believed that his treasures were immensely more valuable than any which have yet been unearthed.

—It seems anomalous, says an English paper, that corn should be as cheap in a part of Turkey as near to the great European markets as Erzeroum is, as in the most remote districts of the far West of America or Manitoba, while live stock and dairy produce sell at low prices. The means of communication are so bad in Erzeroum, however, that wheat was selling there last autumn, according to Acting Consul Devey, at 11 shillings a quarter, barley at a little over 5 shillings, sheep at 7 shillings and 6 pence to 9 shillings each, butter at 5½ pence per pound and cheese at 1 penny. When, if ever, the proposed railway from Constantinople to Diarbekir is completed, the farmers of the vilayet will, no doubt, get better prices.

WHAT THE TURKS EAT.

Some of the Peculiar Dishes Relished by Epicurean Mussulman.

The Turkish families that are able have several cooks, one for meats, one for pastries, and others for different branches of culinary art, and they have acquired much proficiency in it, as far as making savory and appetizing dishes are concerned.

The only meats they use are beef, mutton, a little veal, when not too young, all kinds of poultry and game birds. They eat all kinds of fish, which are found in profusion in the Bosphorus. The red mullet is abundant and very fine, and all the fish are good and have a peculiar flavor. There are many varieties of shell fish which they eat; cockles, razor fish, mussels and oysters, and also crabs and lobsters. With all fish and most of meats they eat a salad which is called scodiah, made of garlic, oil, breadcrumbs and vinegar, all bruised in a mortar and with cucumber or caviar in it. Mussels are stuffed with rice, butter, chopped onions and pepper and replaced in the shell and baked.

They make and like some soups, but this is an acquired taste with them, and always eat bits of small sardines, or salted olives, or pistache nuts before meals as appetizers. Vegetables enter largely into their diet, and among all tomatoes are the favorite, and scarcely any dish is considered complete without them, though they never eat them raw.

To preserve tomatoes for winter use they mash them through colanders and then throw salt in, which causes the pulp to settle, and they are put in bags and the water left to drain away. The pulp is then dried in the shade, spread on a flat surface, and when dry it is cut in small cakes and laid carefully in jars, which are covered. This pulp retains the taste and qualities of the tomato better than canning does. Okra is another favorite vegetable, and this is cooked with chicken, veal and mutton, with tomatoes, much as gumbo is made. They preserve okra, which they call balmia, by stringing it and hanging it up to dry, as we do apples. When this is boiled it tastes fresh and sweet and grows green in the water again as though it were freshly picked.

In stewing meat it is usually boiled until the meat falls from the bones, and it is always fried a little before boiling to give it richness. Stewed mutton with prunes or apples or quinces is a favorite dish. This is salted and sweetened both, and is not pleasant to strangers. Stewed prunes and stewed raisins usually wind up a dinner. Bread and pancakes are served with dinners, and sherbet or fruit juices flavored with flower essences and cold water are the usual drinks at meals, coffee after, and raki or mastic before. Potatoes are cooked in many ways, the nicest being keftai, which are cakes made of mashed potato and egg and flour beaten light and fried in boiling fat. Beans and lima beans are boiled with potatoes and butter, and sometimes onions, and are nice. Squash, which are small and green, are stuffed with minced meat, onions and boiled rice, and then baked. Cucumber squash are also stuffed and baked, as well as eaten raw. One kind of stew is made of mutton and green peas; another has meat and all kinds of vegetables. Egg plant is cooked in many ways, each and all being very good, and it would be well for our housekeepers to try them at least once.

Imam bailde is the name of one style, and means that the Imam or priest fainted from excess of pleasure at his delicious meal. To make it, take an egg plant and cut places in the sides and insert slices of onions seasoned with pepper and salt, and then tie it up and plunge it into boiling oil and let it get done. They are certainly good cooked in this manner.

Another very excellent way of cooking egg plant is to cut meat in pieces about two inches square and put them to cook with sliced onions and tomatoes, equal quantities, with a very little water and seasoning, and let them cook until within three-quarters of an hour of being done; then cut a fair-sized egg plant into pieces without peeling it, about two inches square, and add them, covering all tightly and letting them boil three-quarters of an hour. Serve all together.

Moussaka is another form, and it is more liked by foreigners than either of the two other ways of cooking. To make it, take one pound and a half of minced beef, and fry it in butter until done, or about five minutes. Slice an egg-plant and fry the slices until done, and before this about a quart of strained tomatoes should have been well boiled and seasoned. When the meat and egg-plant have been fried separately, they should be placed in layers in a deep pan and the tomato sauce be poured over them, and the pan should be set back to boil gently about five minutes. This is a most delicious dish.

Onions, sliced and laid in alternate layers with crackers and tomatoes, and seasoned with salt, butter and pepper, and boiled or baked slowly for four hours, are also very nice.—*Olive Harper, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

DANGERS OF BENZINE.

Why the Utmost Care Should Be Exercised in Handling It.

Some weeks ago in a Philadelphia music printing establishment, while a boy was engaged in cleaning a press with benzine, rubbing it with a rag, the fluid blazed up; the lad's clothing caught fire, and he was so severely burned that his recovery was stated to be doubtful. It has been popularly supposed that flame, or at least a temperature equal to the white or red heat of iron, was necessary to ignite benzine, but this is a mistake. It is a fact little known that hard friction can develop sufficient heat to inflame benzine vapor, especially if the surface rubbed be varnished with shellac. We are informed by a competent and truthful mechanical engineer that a few years ago (while trying with benzine in a closed tin vessel to construct a thermostat to ignite a powder giving out sulphurous gas in case of fire outbreak), he found that the vapor was leaking from a minute crack in a seam. He requested a tinman to solder the leak, supposing that a copper soldering tool at dark heat would nor be dangerous. To his surprise and that of the workman, the vapor ignited, with a blue flame, as soon as the tool approached near the crack, and a flame played around the tool like a will-o'-the-wisp. This gentleman several times experimented afterward and found that at a dark heat the tool did not inflame the vapor when at a distance of twelve inches from the crack, but did always set fire to it if within six to four inches. No matter how small the crevice, there always came out enough vapor to ignite at this low degree of temperature. In these trials, as in the first instance, the tin-man's furnace was kept at a considerable distance. We mentioned a few months since a case in which this vapor was ignited by electricity generated in rubbing a flannel garment, which was being cleaned in a tub of the fluid. This last occurrence once more emphasizes the need of the utmost caution in the handling of benzine in the scouring and furniture establishmen'cs and printing offices, in which it is so generally and extensively made use of.—*Fire and Water.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Men with clean shirts on never engage in free fights.

—To find out how old a lady is—Ask some other lady.—*Danville Breeze.*

—A tussle with a boarding-house steak is now called a "bull fight."

—A 'cycling young man is good and a sigh-cling young woman is better.—*New Haven News.*

—The blind never lead any but the blind; they never can lead those who have their eyes open.

—An exchange says that a young lady never likes to "give herself away." That depends on whether or not the right fellow asks her.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Contractor—"I've called to have you settle for building the house." Owner—"I'm ready to settle with you when the house is done settling."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Aim high," is the Savanah *News'* advice to young men. This is the same old chestnut that the girl sprung on the fellow who kissed her on the chin.—*Nashville American.*

—Nothing has been done to stop the robbing of poor immigrants at Castle Garden yet, but an ordinance to prohibit the sale of oil paintings by gaslight has just been passed in New York.—*Omaha World.*

—No man knows how much he really loves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling-bag, and he has paid seven or eight dollars for having it made up.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—The coils of rope which hotel-keepers in New York are obliged by law to place in every room, for a fire-escape, are proving very useful to impecunious guests, who slide down at night without waiting for the cry of fire.—*Boston Post.*

—Behind the Scenes.—

Her appetite is delicate:
She can not eat to-day;
But see her in the pantry
Whenher beau has gone away.
—*Boston Courier.*

—Change is Rest.—Beggar's Wife—"August, why are you taking off your wooden leg?"—Beggar—"Darling, I am only going to strap it on the other foot; one gets tired of hopping about all day long on the same leg."—*Humoristische Blatter.*

—Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extra for gas. Jes yank her out if it does hurt." Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth." Countryman—"Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Some people claim that a fellow doesn't get any rest by going on an excursion, as he generally works hard a week before to get ready and then puts in the hardest day of all when he goes—but this is not so; an excursion usually makes him sick abed for a week after he gets back and that is the time he gets his rest.—*Dakota Bell.*

—Not soil alone nor sun alone gives strength and majesty to the sturdy oak, but also its exposure to the changes of the seasons and its battles with the storms and winds. So it is through hardships and well borne trials cheerily met that man attains to the power and dignity of his full nature and the stability of his true manhood.—*Farmer and Manufacturer*

VALUABLE LANDS.

Where Cockle-Burrs, Sand-Burrs and Tumble-Weeds Grow in Profusion.

He was sitting in front of a sod house in Nebraska, near the Niobrara river, smoking a cob pipe and occasionally pausing to whistle a few bars of "Dixie" as he gazed lazily but admiringly at a semi-circle of dogs stretched on the ground around him. We drove up and inquired how far it was to Valentine.

"Dunno, stranger," he replied.

"Haven't you ever been there?"

"Yes, I 'low I've been there."

"How far do you think it is, then?"

"It might be 'bout seven mile, then she might be nearder ten—makes a heap o' dif'rence what you do down where the road forks. Say, don' want 'o buy a good farm. I reckon?"

"Don't believe we do."

"No, I 'lowed not. Seems's if I can't never sell out."

"Where you going when you sell out here?"

"Gen'l'men, I shal pull back to Missoory!"

"Can't you raise good crops here?"

"Can't raise nothin' on this farm 'cept cuckleburrs. That's what I call it, gen'l'men, Chuckle-Burr Home! I got 'nother farm out on the flat furder."

"That must be poorer soil than this."

"Doggoned sight wus. Can't raise nothin' but sand-burrs there. I call it Sand-Burrs Place. I got one other farm down nearder the river."

"That seems like a better location."

"O, yes, some—you can raise red tumble-weeds on that land—it's Tumble-Weed Retreat; that's the name of it."

"All for sale, are they?"

"Every one of 'em. Buyers can take their choice between Tumble-Weed Retreat, Sand-Burr Place or Cuckle-Burr Home—they all got their good p'ints. Tumble-Weed Retreat commands a good view of the river an' more muskeeters; Sand-burr Place is level and nice, but is exposed to the wind; Cuckle-Burr Home is sheltered from the wind, an' there's fourteen badger holes on the back forty, an' a feller can take a dog an' have piles o' sport with 'em. I'll take the Home fer mine every time—I'm powerful on sport. Goin' to shack along, air you? Well, if you see any body that wants to buy some land of 'bout this d'scription jes' send 'em out. I'm gettin' mighty anxious to be moseyin' down round old Pike ag'n."—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

A Natural Inquiry.

"Who'll we put up for Congress this year?" asked one local statesman of another.

"General Dashem. He's bound to be elected."

"Can he command votes?"

"You bet he can; more than any other man in this district."

"How much is he worth?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

WHAT MOTHER SAYS.

Now here's a hand-glass, let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets—
And what she says is true—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me—
But mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose;
And this I surely know,
I never would believe it—but
What mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls.
Now that's so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I'd think—
But then, 't was mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose and mouth,
Like any other child.
—*Lizbeth B. Comins, in St. Nicholas.*

HARRY'S SUBSTITUTE.

An Accident Out of Which Came Much That Was Good.

"Oh, dear! it's too bad! it's too awful bad!" exclaimed Harry Clark.

It was not the first of his groaning; indeed, he had done nothing else since he had been brought in with a broken leg, caused by falling off the end of the ice-wagon. But now the doctor had gone, and the injured limb was lying in state, and Harry had leisure to count the cost. It promised to be dear, for it was the first week of vacation, and the very next week he was to have gone to the country. Aunt Sarah Griggs—the dearest old soul in the world—had written to his father that she wanted to have Harry a whole month; he should fish, and ride, and row, and eat to his heart's content. And when he remembered the cream biscuit, fried chicken, and whortleberry pudding he had eaten there on a previous visit, he felt as though the eating would be the greatest pleasure of all. Moreover, he was to make the journey alone; his father would see him on the car, and the stage would take him the remaining five miles after leaving the train at Pineville. Such was the plan; and how Harry had anticipated that trip only a thirteen-year-old boy can understand; but now, "Oh, dear! it's too bad, too bad!"

"Yes, Harry," said his mother; "but we must make the best of it; it's just got to be endured;" and looking forward to the long hot weeks to come, when she would have a restless boy on her hands, in addition to her other burdens, she felt as if her patience would be sorely taxed.

"Aunt Sarah'll be *so* disappointed, too. Don't you s'pose I can go next month—the last of it, anyhow, mamma?"

"You know what the doctor said, Harry; it's a bad break, and you must be careful a long time. I'm very sorry for you."

"Oh, dear! mebbe the doctor don't know every thing. What will I do all summer?"

"We must contrive amusement. You like to read and draw."

"Yes, but a boy don't want to do such things all his vacation. I wish it had been my arm. Aunt Sarah'll feel dreadful when she hears about it—dreadful!"

"Shure, an' she moight better thank her sthars!" muttered Katie Malloy, as she toiled up the stairs for the fortieth time that day. "It's a comfortable, aisy life she'll have widout him, be gorry! Here's the frish dhrink ye wanted, Masther Harry; an' it's aisy ye are now."

"Oh! no, no! Ain't you sorry for me, Katie?"

"Yis, indade, but it's nothin' dangersome at all, at all. Suppose ye war loike a b'y I heered till of this blissid mornin', thin!"

"What about him, Katie?"

"It's Mis Muldoon's own sisther's b'y, an' it was she tould me about him; ye see, he had the noomony in the sphring, an' it's jest wastin' away he is, an' the docther they tuk him to said as how it war houlsome vittles an' frish air an' milk he naded more'n drugstuffs; an' there's his mother, a poor lone widdy woman, an' gits the livin' for the three av'em by schrubbin' in the big sthores; an' the fruits an' the milk the docther tells about is as fur from the loikes av'em as the goold gates o' hiven thimselves, more's the pity!"

Harry was very quiet after Katie had gone, but at last he said, eagerly: "Mamma, do you s'pose Aunt Sarah would take that boy in my place?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. She might."

"Oh, if she only would, I shouldn't care so *very* much about my broken leg. He wouldn't make more trouble than I."

"Not unless he was sick enough to require waiting on. But we must know more about him before entertaining such plans."

"Yes, mamma; but please find out right away, please do! Then when we write to Aunt Sarah that I can't come, we'll ask her to take him instead, right away."

"Yes. Then he will be your substitute, dear."

Harry was fast losing his disappointment and fretfulness in this new interest, and after Katie had been interviewed to the extent of her knowledge, Mrs. Clark went to see the boy, and the letter was speedily sent on its mission. Harry added a postscript setting forth in emphatic boy-language the need of his protege, and his own desire for him; and the tender-hearted auntie read it, and wiped her eyes, and said: "Bless him! he's got the big Clark heart right over. To think of him bein' so kind, the dear creetur!"

A few days later Harry received a letter by mail, and a box by express. The letter was full of sympathy and love, and directed the invalid boy to be forwarded at once. The box contained a spring chicken, sassafrass, birch, some harvest apples and pears, and a birthday cake, for Harry's birthday was the next Sunday.

He was jubilant over his gifts, and the benefit he was to confer on another.

The sick boy was brought to see him and to hear of his good fortune, but at first he could hardly realize the pleasure, the surprise and wonder of it was so great. Harry gave him some fruit, and told him there were whole trees of it where he was going.

"Have you never been in the country?" asked Harry's mamma.

"No'm; but I heard mamma tell 'bout it. She lived there once, an' she says she wishes we could live there now."

"Can you write?" asked Harry, "'cause I want to hear how you get there, an' how you like every thing."

"I kin write some. Mammy teaches us nights, but I can't spell nothin' extry."

"Oh, I don't care how it's spelled. I want to know every thing you do, an' how you feel. I hope you'll get real well!"

A week after there came a letter from Aunt Sarah, inclosing the following:

DEER FREND—Mis Grigs sed I mite rite to you an send it in with hern, shees a good lady good as a nagel I gess, she sed I mite call her ant Sary but I ain't dast to yet. I don't coff ner so bad an I eat a site of things, it don't make no difference cos theres sech heeps of things to eat all the time I never seen so much, I go in the lots with Mr. Grigs, hes nice too, theres so much room out here an noboddy in it an its arful still, I go a berry picken too theres a heep of em and I feed the chickens an gese sometimes I wrote to ma about it, you was orful good to think of me comin wen you cudent I must close good by

Yure frend John Lancy

And so the vacation passed, bringing joy and health to the sick boy, while Harry had been learning lessons of patience and self-denial, and felt the blessedness of ministering to others, and many a weary hour of pain has been beguiled by his interest in his substitute.—*Lillian Grey, in N. Y. Examiner.*

FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

Some Instances of Strong Attachments and Disinterested Devotion.

That the lower animals have their special friends, or show preferences as to their companions, no observer can doubt. In some cases the friendship is between two of the same tribe; again, we find what are generally considered the most antagonistic forms united in bonds of good-fellowship, and we see acts of devotion and self-sacrifice that are almost identical with those that characterize the friendship of human beings. It is needless to say that the impulses are much the same in all; some professing an interest that is actuated entirely by greed or for personal ends, while in others it is unselfish.

Any one who has visited the herd of elephants owned by Mr. Barnum must have noticed the large dog that stood by the side of one of the huge pachyderms. To the visitor this might have seemed accidental, but the dog was always at its post by this particular animal. If the dog wandered off the elephant showed its distress immediately by attempting to follow; straining at the chain confined to its ponderous feet, or throwing aloft its trunk and uttering the shrill whistle indicative of alarm, and only resuming the monotonous swinging of the head when its companion returned. The elephant was observed caressing the dog, and though the latter always slept in the straw, sometimes beneath its huge friend, it was never stepped upon or crushed. When the elephant was led out to go through its task in the ring, the dog would begin to bark and endeavor to join the throng of performers; so that it was perfectly evident that the friendship was mutual.

In many of the works of old writers are found instances of such attachments between man and beast. Aelian records a friendship between a little girl, who sold flowers in the streets of Antioch, and an elephant whom she was in the habit of feeding. One of the elephants in the Barnum herd exhibited great interest in a little daughter of one of the attendants; holding her upon his trunk, and in many ways showing its affection.

In India elephants are so trusted that they are sometimes employed as nurses, and have been seen tending their charges, lifting them gently back when they were disposed to stray away. It is [illegible] states that these great animals have been known to die of a broken heart when deprived of a certain keeper, and Lieutenant Shipp, an English officer of extensive experience in the East, gives a minute account of an elephant that died in what was considered a fit of remorse after having killed its keeper.

While attachment between animals is everywhere to be seen, it is not often that we witness such acts of disinterested devotion as we expect among human beings. Mother-birds protect their young in the face of every danger; but it must be confessed that few observers have seen animals go to the rescue of others without maternal or paternal incentive, but such cases are not wanting.

Some years ago a Scotch naturalist, wishing to obtain a gull, fired at a flock, breaking the wing of one, which came fluttering down, falling into the ocean. At first the flock were demoralized, and flew wildly about, uttering harsh cries; but a moment later they seemed to be recalled to a sense of duty by the struggles of their wounded comrade, and two birds darted down, seized it by the tips of its wings, then rose and bore it away in triumph; for, as may be supposed, the naturalist did not fire, but permitted the rescue. Here was friendship indeed; heroism, in fact, as the other birds alarmed by the fire faced the same danger.—*Wide Awake.*

—A reporter dropped into a prominent hotel to have his boots polished. The weather was decidedly threatening at the time, and as he left the chair he said: "It is almost certain to rain, and I shall lose my elegant ten-cent shine." "Oh, we'll fix that all right," said the frescoer. "I'll give you a rain check, and if you lose your shine come back this afternoon and I will give you another."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Two friends promenading the street met an enormously fat woman—"Do you know who she is?" asked one. "Oh, yes; she is the wife of Captain X. of the army." "Mon Dieu! who would she be if she were the wife of a General?"